

Selections.

LETTER FROM LORD BROUGHAM.

BROUGHAM, November 20.

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the sentiments as well as my own in expressing

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Any other course taken for the abolition of slavery

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The declaration of the law which pronounced a

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In the elevation of your new President, all friends

of America, of its continued union, of the final

extinction of slavery by peaceful means, and of

the immediate extinction of the execrable

trade—all friends of the human race, must

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him a powerful ally, as his country may expect to

find in him a consistent, and an honest ruler.

I have the honor to be your faithful servant,

JAMES REDPATH, Esq., Boston, U. S.

REPLY.

BOSTON, January 28th, 1861.

TO HON. LORD BROUGHAM:

My Lord—I have received your reply to my ques-

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I take exception to its erroneous ethical teachings,

and appeal from Brougham, the English Lord, to

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I appeal from the nobleman whose letter is now

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"Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the

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of ages, and opened to our world the sources of power, wealth

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When you have pronounced your judgment, my

Lord, on this point, I may sustain certain other ex-

ceptions, not above noted, by equally excellent authority.

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AMERICAN SLAVERY—BROUGHAM VERBES

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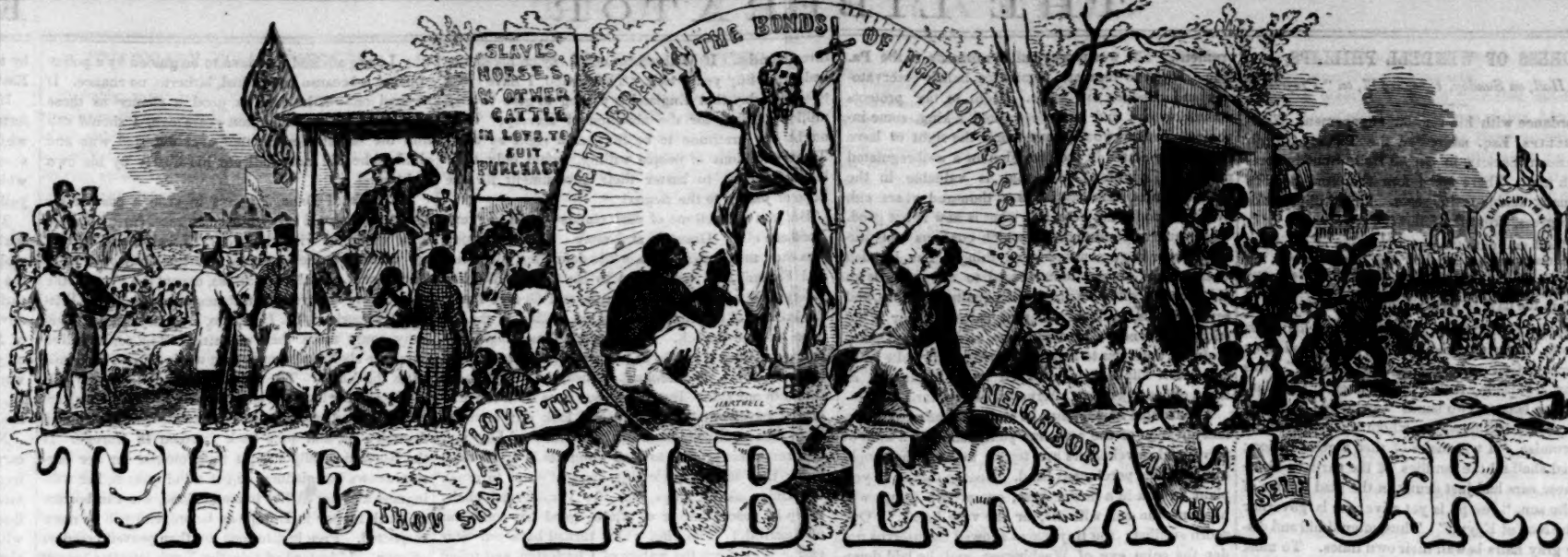
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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

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BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 1575.

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John Brown, who, with some two dozen of fol-

lowers, plunged the whole of the slave States into a

perfect panic, by his attempt at Harper's Ferry,

Virginia, in 1859.

Now, nothing is more obvious than that two opinions

may be entertained, even amongst honest and

able Abolitionists, as to the expediency of Brown's

undertaking. There may be plausible grounds for

maintaining that he compromised the cause to which

he was devoted by his rashness—that he shed the

and as the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, so the mobbing of Phillips and his set of radicals will only eventuate in increasing the sentiment which they represent. Mob Wendell Phillips twice a week for a month, and at the end of the month he would be at the head of the most powerful party ever known in Massachusetts—Bridford Union.

MIRE AND DIRT.

A Cambridge correspondent of a Haverhill paper, in the following speaks the sentiments of the more sensible people in the State, especially those outside the moral and law-abiding modern Athens:

"As the doings of the disgraceful mob in Boston, on Thursday, is the theme of conversation just now, allow me to say that I was present in the afternoon at Tremont Temple, and an eye-witness pretty generally of the ruffianism which finally triumphed through the craven sycophancy of the police, and the pliant flunkeyism of Mayor Wightman. A more perfect pandemonium could not have been let loose in South Carolina than on this occasion. The hub of the universe was in labor surely, and brought forth mire and dirt with a vengeance. It was more violent, noisier, and ruder in some of its elements, than the wretched raid upon the John Brown meeting, its forerunner. There was more of the filthy and boyish element in this last demonstration—the Beacon street gentlemen of property and standing, the stock-jobbers and importers, and their daily clerks, and the 'all up' of North street, evidently were in admirable fusion on this occasion. The papers scarcely exaggerate the 'noise and confusion,' but with the exception of the Transcript, neither of the Boston papers has much to say in the way of rebuke against the ignoble and dastardly outrage upon law and order, and free speech. No press in New England in a time of trial, is so servile as that of the 'city of notions'."

"I trust now the Legislature will ignore utterly any repeal of the Personal Liberty Law, and that the Metropolitan Police Bill may be passed at once. Let every man in the Legislature who votes against the latter be marked, labelled and branded as a traitor to all time. Let Boston, and its legislative and all other puppets, yell and howl. Pass the bill, we say, and then let us see if that flunkey city, its flunkey Mayor, and its flunkey press, can succeed in defying the State, insulting its own magnificent Governor, and cheering the traitorous barbarian Pickens, of South Carolina, as was done at the Tremont Temple on Thursday."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN BOSTON.

The telegraph brings news of the breaking up of a meeting of John Brown sympathizers, who had gathered in Boston to celebrate the anniversary of his death. We are told that those who were foremost in breaking up the meeting were of the "highest respectability," men of wealth and standing. And many Northern patriots countenance their acts, and stigmatize the meeting as one of "dangerous fanatics." But what of that? What if the movers in the meeting were Abolitionists and Garibaldiites? Haven't they a right to freedom of speech? And who is to be the arbiter? who is to decide whether or not a man is too fanatical to be allowed to hold his own views, and promote them, too, if he can influence others to become his followers? These things are done in the South, and we all cry out against it as a wrong and a tyranny; in how much do the motive and the principle differ when put into practice in the North? Suppose a meeting was called in Cleveland, of those whose sympathies were with the secessionists of the South; is there a decent Republican journal that would advise or countenance any body of men, however "respectable," in breaking up that meeting by force? And if freedom of speech is to be allowed to one, why not to all? Whether the meeting is wise or not, affects not the principle of free speech. We care not whether the intruding party upon the meeting at Boston was composed of millionaires or beggars, it was a mob, and, as such, deserving the execration of the whole North.—Cleveland Leader.

Before our Massachusetts friends talk much more about mob rule in the South, they will do well to "set their own house in order." If we understand the facts in this case, there is a suspension of freedom of speech in Boston. No one will accuse us of any particular sympathy with the principles of the men who were endeavoring to hold the meeting. But it is easy to see that if a mob, however "respectable," break up a meeting of any kind, the convention undertook to hold its meeting in a public hall, in an orderly manner. It should have been left alone by those who did not approve of the objects of the meeting. It should have been protected against the mob by the municipal authorities.—Providence Journal.

Boston was again most thoroughly disgraced last week by a "respectable mob," who broke up the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. They have, however, dirtied themselves for nothing, as they will see eventually.—Bellevue Falls Times.

Boston has again permitted a mob to break up an anti-slavery meeting. Such an outrage upon the freedom of speech is only worthy of South Carolina.—Portland Transcript.

The Charleston (S. C.) Courier, having a telegraphic account of the mob which broke up the Tremont Temple meetings in Boston, heads it, "The Power of Slavery." The title is the most appropriate and truthful that could have been chosen. The mob was the legitimate result of the demoralization which inevitably follows the advocacy of slavery.

BEECHER ON THE TIMES.

Henry Ward Beecher's lecture in Boston, Tuesday evening, was both rare and timely. Following hard after the mob demonstration, that portion which touched upon free speech was greeted with the heartiest applause. On this head the lecturer said:

"The method of suppressing free speech, it appears, is to be by mobbing it. The object of a magistracy in Boston is to say to persons who propose to discuss the questions of the day, 'If any lawless fellow of the baser sort disapprove of what you say, I shall hold you responsible for all their injuries.' The propagator of such a doctrine should have been made prime minister to Ahab. When you have succeeded in this thing, and New England has got all the slaves together and she is a barrel with bung, head or tail, I will come and look at her. Then we will lose the old State Bill of Rights, then we will take up the old Commonwealth's Constitution, then we will gather up all the remnants of our former glory, and then to Bunker Hill, build a bonfire, and be of Virginia, the great Mason, shall touch it off. In 1856, they all complained that we preached politics in the pulpit. By the way, did you ever see anything killed deadlier than that? Who was right? The real trouble was, we didn't begin soon enough. Some men think the pulpit should be like a ship of war, with guns only at the stern, to rake down the sins of the past. Is it a mere retrospective glass in which men are to see Babylon and the flood?"

On the current topic of the compromises, the lecturer was not at all ambiguous. We copy from the Boston Journal's report:

The speaker then proceeded to denounce all compromises, as according to his theory, they are useless. The true way is to let the seceders alone, and South Carolina will soon be like a woodchuck in a hole stopped at both ends. No compromise can effect a permanent settlement. He also opposed the repeal of the personal liberty laws; if they are constitutional, they ought to stand; if they are not, let the courts dispose of them. In conclusion, he said: "My friends, I would not be supposed to be bitter, and therefore, I am a little merry on the subject. But I love liberty; I was born in New England; I am Puritan-born; I never knew anything adverse to these things. For the sake of every creature that lives, I plead it; for their sakes in the slave States, just as much as for those of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I plead for liberty; for those that are in oppression, I plead that you shall have courage to accept your own opportunities and its consequences, as God shall offer them, that your purity, honor and faith may be tested for the sake of God, yourselves and your country."

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

At Music Hall, on Sunday, February 17, on "Progress."

In accordance with his regular engagement, Wendell Phillips, Esq. addressed the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Music Hall, Sunday forenoon, 17th inst. There were four thousand persons present, many unable to find seats. Mr. Phillips spoke upon "Progress," from the following text:

"And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

Thus spoke a prince, who had won from his elder brother both birthright and blessing—who had seen "the angels of God ascending and descending"—was able to say, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two lands"—who had seen God face to face, and still lived—to whom was pledged the Divine promise, "I will make of thee a great nation; in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed"—whose ears had just drunk in the glad tidings of his favorite son, "Joseph is yet alive; he is governor over all the land of Egypt." Thus, often timid and disconsolate gray hairs befall their own times. To most men, the golden age is one long past.

But Nature is ever-growing. Science tells us every change is improvement. This globe, once a mass of molten granite, now blooms almost a paradise. So in man's life and history. One may not see it in his own short day. You must stand afar off to judge St. Peter's. The shadow on the dial seems motionless, but it touches noon at last. Place the ages side by side, and see how they differ. Three quarters of the early kings of France died poor and in prison, by the dagger or poison of their rivals. The Bonapartes stole large fortunes and half the thrones of Europe, yet all died natural deaths in their beds, and though discredited, kept their enormous wealth.

When the English marched from Boston to Concord, they fired into the Whig dwellings they passed. When Lane crossed Kansas, pursuing Missouri ruffians, he sent men ahead to put a guard at every border ruffian's door, to save inmate and goods from harm. When Goldsmith reminded England that "a heart buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated on a throne," there were one hundred and sixty-nine crimes punished with death. Now, not only England, but every land governed by the English race, is marked by the mildness of its penal code—only one, two, or three classes of offenders being now murdered by law.

It is not yet fifteen years since the first Woman's Rights Convention was held. The first call for one in Massachusetts, a dozen years ago, bore a name heard often in mantle protest against popular sins—that of "Walter Emerson." But in that short fifteen years, a dozen States have changed their laws. One statute a year old, in New York, securing to married women control of their wages, will do more to save New York from being gorged and brotchen than a thousand pulpits could do. When Kansas went to Topeka to frame a Constitution, one-third of the Convention were in favor of giving woman the right to vote. Truly, the day breaks. If time served, I could find a score of familiar instances. It is enough to state the general principle, that civilization produces wants. Wants awaken intellect. To gratify them disciplines intellect. The keener the want, the lustier the growth. The power to use new truths in science, new ideas in morals or art, obliterates rank, and makes the lowest man useful or necessary to the State. Luther and Raphael, Fulton and Faust, Howard and Rousseau, mark the ages, not popes or kings. A Massachusetts mechanic, Eli Whitney, made cotton king; a Massachusetts printer, William Lloyd Garrison, has undermined its throne. Thus, civilization insures equality. Types are the fathers of demagogues.

It is not always, however, ideas or moral principles that push the world forward. Selfish interests play a large part in the work. Our revolution of 1776 succeeded because trade and wealth joined hands with principle and enthusiasm, a union rare in the history of revolutions. Northern merchants fretted at England's refusal to allow them direct trade with Holland and the West Indies. Virginia planters, heavily mortgaged, welcomed any thing that would postpone payment of their debts—a motive that doubtless avails largely among secessionists now. So merchant and planter joined heartily with hot-headed Sam Adams, and reckless Joseph Warren, penniless John Adams, that brilliant adventurer, Alexander Hamilton, and that young scapegrace, Aaron Burr, to get independence. (Laughter.) To merchant, independence meant only direct trade—to planter, cheating his creditors.

Present conflict of interests is another instrument of progress. Religious persecution planted these States. Commercial persecution brought about the Revolution—John Bull's perseverance in a seven years' war was fused into one nation—his narrow and ill-tempered effort to govern us by stealth, even after the peace of 1783, drove us to the Constitution of 1789.

I think it was Coleridge who said, if he were a clergyman in Cornwall, he should preach fifty-two sermons a year against wreckers. In the same spirit, I shall find the best illustration of our progress in the history of the slave question.

Some men sit and tremble for the future, because the knell of this Union has sounded. But the heavens are almost all bright—and if some sable clouds linger on the horizon, they have turned their silver linings almost wholly to our sight. Every man who possesses his soul in patience sees that disunion is gain, disunion is peace, disunion is virtue.

Thomas Jefferson said, "It is unfortunate that the efforts of mankind to recover the freedom of which they have been deprived should be accompanied with violence, with errors, and even with crime. But while we weep over the means, we must pray for the end."

We may see our future in the glass of our past history. The whole connection of Massachusetts colony with England was as much disgrace as honor to both sides. On the part of England, it was an attempt to stretch principles which were common sense and justice applied to an island, but absurd and tyrannical applied across the ocean. It was power without right, masked in form. On the side of the Colony, it was petty shiftings, quibbles, equivocations, cunning dodges, white lies,—ever the result of weakness. While England was bulldog, Massachusetts was fox. Whoever cannot take his right openly by force, steals what he can by fraud. The Greek slave was a liar, as all slaves are. De Toqueville says, "Men are not corrupted by the exercise of power, nor debased by submission; but by the exercise of power they think illegal, and submission to a rule they consider oppressive." That sentence is a key to our whole colonial history. When we grew strong enough to dare to be frank, we broke with England. Timid men wept; but now we see how that disunion was gain, peace and virtue. Indeed, seeming disunion was real union. We were then two snarling hounds, loathed together; we are now one in a true marriage, in mutual love and respect; where one then flinched silver from the other, each now pours gold into the other's lap; our only rivalry, which shall do most honor to the blood of Shakespeare and Milton, of Franklin and Kane.

In that glass we see the story of North and South since 1787, and I doubt not for all coming time. The people of the States between the Gulf and the great Lakes, yes, between the Gulf and the Pole, are essentially one. We are one in blood, trade, thought, religion, history; nothing can long divide us. If we had let our Constitution grow, as the English did—as oaks do, we had never passed through such scenes as the present. The only thing that divides us now is the artificial attempt, in 1787, to force us into an unripe union. Some lawyers got together, and wrote out a Constitution. The people and great interests of the land, wealth, thought, fashion and creed, immediately laid it upon the shelf, and proceeded to grow one for themselves. The treaty power sufficed to annex a continent, and change the whole nature of the gov-

ernment. The war power builds railroads to the Pacific. Right to regulate commerce builds observatories and dredges out lakes. Right to tax protects manufactures; and had we wanted a king, some ingenious Yankee would have found the right to have one clearly stated in the provision for a well-regulated militia. (Laughter.) All that is valuable in the United States Constitution is a thousand years old. What is good is not new, and what is new is not good. That vaunted state-manship which conceals constitutions never has amounted to anything. The English Constitution, always found equal to any crisis, is an old mansion, often repaired, with quaint additions, and seven gables, each of different pattern. Our Constitution is a new clapboard house, so square and sharp it almost cuts you at look—at starting with white paint all green blinds as if dropped in the landscape, or come out to spend an afternoon. (Laughter.)

The trouble now is, that, in regard to the most turbulent question of the age, our politicians and a knot of privileged slaveholders are trying to keep the people inside of this parchment land. Goethe said, "If you plant an oak in a flower vase, one of two things will happen—the oak will die, or the vase break." Our acorn swelled; the tiny leaves showed themselves under the calm eye of Washington, and he laid down in hope. By and by, the roots enlarged, and men trembled. Of late, Webster and Clay—Everett and Botts—Seward and Adams—have been anxiously tamping the vase, but the roots have burst abroad at last, and the parchment is in pieces. (Sensation.) All ye who love oaks, thank God for so much! That Union of 1787 was one of fear—we were driven into it by poverty and the commercial hostility of England. As cold masses up all things, sticks, earth, stones and water into dirty ice; heat first makes separation, and then unites those of the same nature. The heat of sixty years' agitation has severed the heterogeneous mass—wait awhile, it will fuse together all that is really one.

Let me show you why I think the present so bright, and why I believe that Disunion is gain, peace and honor.

Why is the present hour sunshine? Because, for the first time in our history, we have a North. That event which Mr. Webster anticipated and prophesied has come to pass. In a real true sense, we have a North. By which I do not mean that the North rules, though, politically speaking, the crowned and sceptred North does, indeed, take her seat in that council where she has thus far been only a tool. But I mean that free men, honest labor, makes itself heard in our State. The North ceases to be fox or spaniel, and puts on the lion. She asserts and claims. She no longer begs, cheats or buys.

Understand me. In 1787, slave property, worth, perhaps, three hundred million of dollars, strengthened by the sympathy of all other capital, was a mighty power. It was the Rothschild of the State. The Constitution, by its three-fifths slave basis, made slaveholders an order of nobles. It was the house of Hapsburg joining hands with the house of Rothschild. Prejudice of race was the third strand of the cable, bitter and potent as Catholic ever bore Iniquent, or Hungary ever spit on Moslem. This fearful trinity won to its side that mysterious omnipotence called Fashion—a power which, without concerted action, without either thought, law or religion on its side, seems stronger than all of them, and spares no foe but wealth. Such was slavery. In its presence the North always knelt and whispered. When slavery could not bully, it bubbled its victim. In the convention that framed the Constitution, Massachusetts men said, as Charles Francis Adams says now, "What matters a pitiful three-fifths slave basis, and guaranty against insurrection, to an institution on its death-bed—gaping for its last breath? If we conciliate—is only a shadow—nothing more—why stand on words?" So they shut their eyes, as he does, on realities, and chopped excellent logic on forms.

But at that moment, the devil hovered over Charleston, with a handful of cotton seed. (Applause.) Dropped into sea-land soil, and touched by the magic of Massachusetts brains, it poisoned the atmosphere of thirty States. That cotton fibre was a rod of empire such as Caesar never wielded. It fitted into college, pulpit and court, market-place and college, and leashed New York and Chicago to its chair of State. Beware, Mr. Adams! "He needs a long spoon who sups with the devil." In the kaleidoscope of the future, no statesman eye can foresee the forms. God gives narrow manhood but one clue to success—utter and exact justice; that he guarantees shall always expediency. Deviate one hair's breadth—grant but a dozen slaves—one the tiniest seed of concession—you know not how many tall branches of mischief shall grow therefrom.

I need not go over the subsequent compromises in detail. They are always of the same kind: mere words, Northern men assured us—barren concessions. "Physical geography and Asiatic scenery" hindered any harm. But the South was always specially anxious to have these barren "words," and marvelously glad when she got them. Northern politicians, in each case, were either bullied or cheated, or feigned to be bullied, as they are about to do now. And the people were glad to have it so. I do not know that the politicians are a whit better now than then. I should not be willing to assert that Seward and Adams are any more honest than Webster and Winthrop; and certainly they have just as much spaniel in their make.

But the gain to-day is, we have a people. Under their vigilant eyes, mindful of their sturdy purpose, sustained by their determination, many of our politicians act much better. And out of this popular heart is growing a Constitution which will wholly supersede that of 1787.

A few years ago, while Pierce was President, the Republican party dared to refuse the appropriations for support of government—the most daring act ever ventured in a land that holds Bunker Hill and Brandywine. They dared to persevere some twenty or thirty days. It seems a trifle; but it is a very significant straw. Then for weeks when Banks was elected; and a year ago, again, the whole government was checked till the Republicans put their Speaker in the chair. Now the North elects her President, the South secedes. I suppose we shall be bargained away into compromise. I know the strength and virtue of the farming West. It is one of the bright spots that our sceptre tends there, rather than to the seaboard. Four or eight years hence, when this earthquake will repeat itself, the West may be omnipotent, and we shall see brave things.

But now, spite of Lincoln's wishes, I fear he will never be able to stand against Seward, Adams, half the Republican wire-pullers and the seaboard. But even so, if Seward and the rest had stood firm, as Lincoln, Sumner, Chase, Wade, and Lovejoy, the Tribune have hitherto done, I believe you might have pulled the North, and had a response, three to one, "Let the Union go to pieces, rather than yield one inch." I know no sublimer hour in history. The sight of these two months is compensation for a life of toil. Never let Europe taunt us again that our blood is wholly cankered by gold. Our people stood, willing their idolized government should go to pieces for an idea. True, other nations have done so. England in 1640—France in 1791—our colonies in 1776. Those were proud moments. But to-day touches a nobler height. Their lives were their own freedom. To-day, the ideal, loyal to which our people willingly see their Union wrecked, is largely the hope of justice to a dependent, helpless, hated race. Revolutions never go backward. The live force of a human pulse-beat can reverse the dead lumber of government to pieces. Chain the Hellespont, Mr. Xerxes-Seward, before you dream of halting the Northern heart to its purpose—freedom to the slave! The old sea never laughed at Persian chains more haughtily than we do at Congress-compromises.

I recently think God that he has given me to see such a day as this. Remember the measureless love of the North for the Union—its undoubted faith that disunion is ruin—and then value as you ought this last

three months. If Wilberforce could say on his death-bed, after fifty years toil, "Thank God, I have lived to see the day that England is willing to give twenty million sterling for the abolition of slavery," that ought our gratitude to be for such a sight as this! Twenty millions of people willing, would only their leaders permit, to barter their government for the hope of justice to the negro!

But you will tell me of dark clouds—nobs in every Northern city. Grant it, and more. When Lovejoy was shot, at Alton, Illinois, while defending his press, and Faneuil Hall was closed to his friends, William Ellery Channing, William Sturgis, and George Bond, the saints and merchants of Boston, rallied to the defence of free speech. Now, we hold meetings only when and how the Mayor permits, (hisses and great applause,) yet no merchant prince, no pulpit hero rallies to our side. But raise your eyes from the disgraced pavements of Boston, and look out broader. That same soil which drank the blood of Lovejoy, now sends his brother to lead Congress in its fiercest hour; that same prairie lifts his son to crush the Union as he steps into the Presidential chair. Sleep in peace, martyr of Alton—good has come out of Nazareth! The shot which turned back our Star of men. If instead of this the North belittles herself by confessing her fears, her weakness, her preference for peace at any price, what capitalist will stir a rope of sand—a people which the conspiracy of Buchanan's Cabinet could not disgust, nor the guns of Carolina arouse?

Will compromise eliminate all our Puritan blood—make the census add up against us and in favor of the South—write a new Testament—blot John Brown from history—make Connecticut such its idle thumbs like a baby, and South Carolina invent and save like a Yankee? If it will, it will succeed. If it will not, Carolina don't want it any more than Jerrold's duck wants you to hold an umbrella over him in a hard shower. Carolina wants separation—wants, like the jealous son, her portion, and must waste it in riotous madness before she return a repentant prodigal.

Why do I think disunion gain, peace and virtue? Let us rise to the height of our position. This is revolution, not rebellion. Suppose we welcome disunion, manfully avow our real sentiment, "liberty and equality," and draw the line at the Potomac. We do not want the border States. Let them go, be welcome to the forts, take the capital with them. (Applause and hisses.) What to us is a hot-house city, empty streets, and useless marble? Where Macgregor sits is the head of the table. Active brains, free lips and cunning hands, make empires. Paper capitals are vain. Of course, we must assume a right to buy out Maryland and Delaware. Then, by running lines at the Potomac, we close the irrepressible conflict, and have homogeneous institutions. Then we part friends. The Union thus ended, the South no longer hates the North. Cuba she cannot have. France, England and ourselves forbid. If she spread over Central America, that will bring no cause of war to a Northern confederacy. We are no filibusters. Her weakness to us there cannot harm us. Let Kansas witness that while Union fettered her, and our national banner clung to the flag-staff heavy with blood, we still made good George Canning's boast, "Where that banner is planted, foreign dominion shall not come." With a government heartily on his side, and that flag floating in the blessings of twenty million of freemen, the loneliest settler in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains will sleep fearless.

Why, then, should there not be peace between such confederacies? There must be. Let me show you why:—1st. The laws of trade will bind us together as we now do all other lands. This side of the ocean, at least, we are not living in feudal times, when princes made war for ambition. We live in days when men of common sense go about their daily business, while frightened kings are flying along the highways. Leave neighborhood and trade alone, and we shall be at peace. Observe, only Northerners are lynched at the South now. Spaniards, French, Scotch are safe. When English Captain Vaughan is tarred and feathered, the Mayor offers a reward, and the grand jury indict. After a fair, sensible disunion, such as I have described, a Boston man will be as well off as Captain Vaughan.

At any rate, disunion could not make the two sections any more at war than they are now. Any change in this respect would be an improvement. If the North and Mexico had touched boundaries, would they ever have quarrelled? Nothing but Southern filibusterism, which can never point North, ever embroiled us with Mexico. To us in future the South will be another Mexico—too weak, too intent on her own broils to attack us.

The South cannot make war on any one. Suppose the fifteen States hang together a year—which is almost an impossibility—last, they have given bonds in two thousand million of dollars—the value of their slaves—to keep the peace.

2d. They will have enough to do to attend to the irrepressible conflict at home. Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, will be their Massachusetts—Winter Davis, Blair and Cassius Clay, their Seward and Garrison.

3d. The Gulf States will monopolize all the offices. A man must have Gulf principles to belong to a healthy party. Under such a head, disfranchised Virginia, in opposition, will not have much heart to attack Pennsylvania.

4th. The census shows that the border States are pushing their slaves South. Fear of their free Northern neighbors will quicken the process, and so widen the breach between Gulf and border States by making one constantly more and the other less slave States. Free trade in sugar bankrupts Louisiana. Free trade in men bankrupts Virginia. Free trade generally lets two-thirds of the direct taxation rest on the numerous, richer and more comfortable whites of the border States; hence further secession. Such a despotism, with every third man black and a foe, will make no wars.

Why should it attack us? We are not a cannon thundering at its gates. We are not an avalanche overhanging its sunny valleys. Our influence, that of freedom, is only the air, penetrating everywhere, like heat, permeating all space. The South cannot stand isolated on a glass cricket. The sun will heat her, and electricity convulse her. She must outwit them before she can get rid of ideas. A fevered child in July might as well strike at the sun, as the South attack us for that, the only annoyance we can give her—the slight and influence of our nobler civilization.

Disunion is gain. I venture the assertion, in the face of State street, that of any five Northern men engaged in Southern trade exclusively, four will end in bankruptcy. If disunion siffs such commerce, the North will lose nothing.

I venture the assertion, that seven at least of the Southern States receive from the government more than they contribute to it. So far, their place will be more profitable than their company.

The whole matter of Southern trade has been grossly exaggerated, as well as the importance of the Mississippi river. Freedom carries her own lines of iron. Facts show that for one dollar the West sends or brings (1) The following is the paragraph in Mr. Dana's address, referred to by Mr. Phillips:—

Why I have advised the slave to be guided by a policy of peace is because he has had, hitherto, no chance. If he had one—if he had as good a chance as those who went up to Lexington years ago, I should call him the basest recreant that ever deserted wife and child, if he did not vindicate his liberty by his own right hand.

Mr. Richard Dana, Jr., says in such a contest his sympathies would be with his own race. (1) I confess I would be with the right. I feel bound to add my doubt whether a slave insurrection would be a bloody one. In all revolutions, except the French, the people have always shown themselves merciful. Witness Switzerland, St. Domingo, Hungary, Italy. Tyranny sours more than suffering. The conservative hates the abolitionist more than we do him. The South hates the North. The master speaks ten bitter words of the slave where the slave speaks five of the master.

But I was speaking of compromise. Compromise degrades us, and puts back freedom in Europe. The North manfully accepts the Potomac for her barrier, avows her gladness to get rid of tyrants, her willingness and her ability to stand alone, and will be as much money in Europe as before, and will be more respected. Free institutions are then proved breeders of men. If instead of this the North belittles herself by confessing her fears, her weakness, her preference for peace at any price, what capitalist will stir a rope of sand—a people which the conspiracy of Buchanan's Cabinet could not disgust, nor the guns of Carolina arouse?

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"An appeal to arms is a war of the races. They meet on the equality of the battlefield, and the victory goes to the strongest; and I confess that, when I consider what the white race is, and what the black race is, what civilization is, and what the white race is and always has been, and what the black race is and always has been, and this doctrine of the races has impressed itself on my mind much more than before, from what I have seen of all races during the last year and a half—I confess that, in a contest like that, my duty and my sympathies would go with my own race. I know it is a contest for freedom, but it is a contest for life and for freedom of both sides, because slavery is to end when war begins. One race is to go up, and one is to go down. It is a question of extermination, or of subjugation, or all three. And I have not arrived at that degree of philanthropy that I desire to see the black race controlling all that vast country, and our own white civilized race driven out, subjugated, or exterminated."

by the river, she sends and brings four to and from the East by wagon and rail.

If, then, Mississippi and Louisiana had the river with forts, they would graciously be allowed to pay for the while Northern railroads grow rich carrying behind them the small portion of wheat, bacon, silk or tea which would otherwise float lazily up and down the yellow stream.

The Cincinnati Press, which has treated this subject with rare ability, asserts that, excepting provisions which the South must, in any event, buy of the West, the trade of Cincinnati with Southern Indiana alone is to the value of \$1,000,000. As to the trade of Mason and Dixon's line, so our traders tell us, only about one dollar in five. Such trade, if cut off, would ruin nobody. In fact, the South buys little of us, and pays only for about half sale prices. (Laughter and hisses.)

Now we tell Southern roads, pay Southern people, carry Southern letters, support out of the nation's treasury, an army of Southern older-soldiers, whose money at Norfolk is in building ships that will, which bear up spent in protecting the five great lakes, come back to us in shape of Southern traders, paying, on the average, one half of their debts. Disunion, we shall save this outgo, and probably not sell without a prospect of better prices.

Southern trade is a lottery, to which the Union gives all the prizes. Put it on a sound basis by disunion, and the North gains. If we part without anger, the South buys, as every one does, of the cheapest article. We get her honest business, without being called to fill up the gap of bankruptcy which the wretched system of slave labor must occasion. In the generation, no slave State in the Union has made the war's ends meet. In counting the wealth of the United States, the States are a minus quantity. Should the Gulf States, however, return, I have no doubt the United States treasury will be called on to pay all these accounts.

Disunion is honor. Take Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., as example, a name historic for generations, a scholar of world-wide fame. He finds in the Constitution the duty of returning fugitive slaves, all alike, "the old and the ignorant, the young and the beautiful," he surrenders to the master, whether he be man or brute. Mr. Dana avows his full readiness to perform this legal duty. All honor at least to the shameless efficiency with which he avows his willingness. He pains the hell of slavery in words that make the blood cold, and then boasts that Massachusetts scholar, gentleman, his friends would not let him—

